

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbia Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. E. LUTHER, and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

\$1.00 per annum, if paid on, or before the 1st of January.
\$1.25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and
\$1.50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for less than one year to be paid invariably in advance.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNARD.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.
The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

1. In sending the name of a new subscriber or a remittance for an old one, write distinctly, and give not only the name of the Post Office, but the name of the County and State in which said office is located.

2. When the Post Office address of a paper is to be changed, be particular to give the name of the office from which it is to be changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

3. According to general usage, subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as willing to continue their subscriptions; and those who are in arrears cannot discontinue their paper, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, and if they neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, or move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible for payment.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper (for which the individual has subscribed) from the office, and removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

5. If you wish to discontinue a paper, first pay all arrearages, then request the publishers either personally, by letter from yourself, or through your Post Master to have it stopped.

From the Delaware Blue Hen's Chicken.

A Fearless and Noble Testimony.

To Jemell and Vincent.—I herewith enclose an address, delivered immediately after the close of the Superior Court of the State of Delaware, sitting at New Castle, Judges Taney and Hall on the Bench, 5th month 29th, 1848, after the close of my trials, for the penalties of aiding the escape of certain slaves from their owners, where the penalties and damages were awarded by the Jurors for seven slaves (a mother and six children) from one to sixteen years of age, to be \$5,400, after a verdict had been rendered against J. Hunn for \$2,500 in the same case. One Judge Taney had left Court before it adjourned; Judge Hall invited to stay, and hear me, but he left when I was about to commence. If you are of opinion that it is worthy a place in the Chicken, then art at liberty to publish it, and oblige

THOMAS GARRETT.

"I have a few words which I wish to address to the Court, Jury and prosecutors in the several suits, that have been brought against me, during the sittings of this Court, in order to determine the amount of penalty I must pay for doing what my feelings prompted me to do as a lawful and meritorious act, a simple act of humanity and justice, as I believed, to eight of that oppressed race, the people of color, whom I found in the New Castle jail, in the 12th month, 1845. I will now endeavor to state the facts of those cases for your consideration and reflection after you return home to your families and friends: you will then have time to ponder on what has transpired here since the sitting of this Court, and I believe that your verdict will then be unanimous, that the law of the United States, as explained by our venerable Judge, when compared with the act committed by me, was cruel and oppressive, and needs remodelling.

Information was sent me, that eight colored persons were in New Castle jail, charged with being runaway slaves, and that the individual believed several of them were entitled to their freedom, and requested to have their case investigated. I went to New Castle next morning, and took Edith Pusey along, and had an interview with Samuel Hawkins, Emily, (his wife) and some of the children in a private room, in the presence of the Sheriff, Jacob Calk. Hawkins and wife admitted to us that two of their sons claimed by Glandon were slaves; but asserted us, in the most positive manner, that them-

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY

JULY 7, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 151.

selves and four small children were entitled to freedom; that himself and wife had been keeping house and living together as free persons previous to the birth of the eldest of the four children. Neither the Sheriff or myself had the slightest doubt of the truth of their statement. The Sheriff thought the mother so good a Christian, that she would not lie even to free her own children. I then requested to see the commitments of the Magistrate, which were handed to me.—I at once saw that they were defective; and had no doubt if the individuals were taken before Judge Booth, (by legal process,) but what he would discharge the parents and four young children, if not the two older boys. After my return home I called on

Wales, stated the facts of the case, and requested him to accompany me to New Castle, in order to take the family above named before Chief Justice Booth for examination. The habeas corpus was prepared, and they were all taken before Booth, about eleven o'clock, on second day morning.—The investigation lasted about one hour.—The business was conducted by Attorney Wales in such a manner that the Judge was induced to discharge the whole family; and with his decision I was well pleased; but had little or no hope when they were taken before him, that the two boys would be discharged. The statement made by Samuel and wife, in the Judge's office, was the same in substance as they had made in prison to the Sheriff, Edith Pusey, and myself; and that was, that the mother and four young children were free—the two older children slaves. I then put this question to Chief Justice Booth, "As those people have been discharged, will there be any impropriety in my employing a hack to take them to Wilmington?" My impression then was, and still remains the same, that his reply was, "O no." I then in the Judge's office, and presence, asked the Sheriff to procure a carriage. He sent his son for one, and the owner came into the Judge's office, where we made the contract for him to take them to Wilmington. In about half an hour they were all in the carriage, and started for Wilmington, and arrived at my store at noon, nothing secret, or covert, in the transaction, whatever. And I now most solemnly aver, that when they were discharged by Judge Booth, and for some time after they arrived in Wilmington, I had not even a suspicion of the mother and four small children being slaves. If my statement above is correct—which I presume will not be questioned by any one acquainted with my character—your verdict of \$2,500 for the penalty as rendered by you on 7th day last, was not just, as the Judge, in his charge to the Jury, on that occasion, distinctly stated I must have reason to believe them to be slaves to entitle the plaintiff to a verdict. With that small clause, as explained in my favor by the Judge, I was entitled to your verdict of acquittal. I do not pretend to assert that I was able, with the latitude allowed to the witness, to prove my innocence in this case clearly to the Jury. The Judge's charge was positively against me, if I knew they were slaves, or had good cause to suspect them of being such, even though examined and discharged by the Judge. The first case tried during my absence, while I was sick at home, was different—I believed the two boys claimed by Glandon to be slaves; but the Judge having set them at liberty, I thought there would be no breach of law, or risk of penalty, in providing them a conveyance with the rest of the family to Wilmington; and had I believed every one of them to be slaves, I should have done the same thing after they had been released by the Judge, with the feelings of humanity which the Almighty has implanted in my breast, and the interest I have felt for this oppressed people of color, in our midst. I should have done violence to my convictions of duty, had I not made use of all the lawful means in my power to liberate those people, and assist them to become men and women, rather than leave them in the condition of chattels personal.—I am called an abolitionist, once a name of reproach, but one I have ever been proud to be considered worthy of being called. For the last twenty-five years, I have been engaged in the cause of this despised and much injured race, and consider their cause worth suffering for; but owing to a multiplicity of other engagements, I could not devote so much of my time and mind to their cause as I otherwise should have done. The impositions and persecutions on those unoffending and innocent brethren, are extreme beyond endurance. I am now placed in a situation in which I have not so much to claim my attention as formerly, and I now pledge myself, in the presence of this assembly, to use all lawful and honorable means to lessen the burdens of this oppressed people, and endeavor, according to ability furnished, to burst their chains asunder, and set them free—not relaxing my efforts in their behalf while blessed with health, and a slave remains to tread the soil of the State of my adoption—Delaware; and after mature reflection, I can assure this assembly, it is my opinion at this time that the verdicts you have given the prosecutors against John Hunn and myself within the past few days, will have a tendency to raise a spirit of inquiry throughout the length and breadth of the land, respecting this monster evil (slavery) in many minds that have not heretofore investigated the subject. The reports of those trials will be published, by editors from Maine to Texas, and the Far West; and what must be the effect produced? It will no doubt add hundreds, perhaps thousands, to the present large and rapidly increasing army of abolitionists.—The injury is great to us who are the immediate sufferers by your verdict, but I believe the verdicts you have given against us within the last few days will have a powerful effect in bringing about the abolition of slavery in this country, this land of boasted freedom, where not only the slave is fettered at the South by his lordly master, but the white man at the North is bound as in chains to do the bidding of his Southern masters.—Your verdicts against us I hope will prove

as heaven put into a hatch of mischief, that will ere long leave the whole lump. I am sorry to have to admit this truth, that the slave States and slave interests have ruled this nation from the Declaration of Independence to the present time; they have kindly taken the North and West under their care and keeping, and have provided a large majority of our Presidents, Cabinet officers, Foreign Ministers, and Judges of our Supreme Court, from the slave States; they have made our laws to suit their peculiar institutions. It was slaveholders that demanded the admission of Texas into this Union, with her mixed and degenerate race of inhabitants of all nations; they knocked at the doors of Congress for admission into our glorious Union the South Sea Islanders, and the

whipped into the traces by their masters.—They knew it would be contrary to law to admit them; they also knew there was no use to contend about it, as the South always managed to have it their own way; they consented, and Texas was admitted in a day with the dash of a pen, with her mixed and motley crew of inhabitants as good and loyal subjects of these United States, when at the same time the most respectable foreigners coming amongst us, and adopting this country as their future home, must kneel for years for admission as citizens, before they can be admitted; they must then swear to support the constitution, and pay a fee for admission. Surely the slave power is omnipotent—no other power in this land could have produced the same result; and what has been the legitimate fruit of the admission of Texas into the Union? We have the admission of some of the strongest minds, even at the South, (J. C. Calhoun of that number,) that the admission of Texas was the cause of the Mexican war, where hundreds of millions of the people's money have been wasted, and thousands of valuable lives sacrificed by sword and climate, all for the slave interest. No intelligent man doubts this fact, that it was the slave interest that caused this cruel, disgraceful and unrighteous war. But all things are producing their legitimate fruits. A few years since, a Senator that would speak his own mind freely on the subject of slavery, in Congress, was in danger of being expelled; now it is the all-engrossing subject, it enters more or less into every subject brought before either House at Washington. It is an institution that cannot bear investigation. This subject is now fairly before the people—this is what abolitionists have been laboring for, to have the subject fairly canvassed by the people—then I fear not their verdict. Look at the nations around us!—The cause of freedom is progressing with rail-road speed—its object is now about to be accomplished. I have no more doubt of the signs of the times, if the day of slavery are not numbered in this country. The South will have to yield to the growing anti-slavery feeling of the north and west; or before ten years from this date there will be a dissolution of this Union. There is a point of forbearance beyond which the north and rapidly growing west will not submit. I have now done, and thank you for your attention.

From the Charter Oak.

Financial Diary of a Week.

Thursday, May 25th.—Landlord called for his rent; was a little impatient; had already waited nearly two months. Very sorry; but can't pay; the money is in our subscribers' pockets. Ah, here comes one of it, in this package of letters from the Post Office. We eagerly break the seal of the most hopeful looking of the lot. It is from a man, who owes right dollars for the paper. "Family sick; crops failed last year; no money to be had; must wait; try to pay next fall." Ah, poor man, we'll wait, and so we fear, must our creditors. But let us open the next letter. "I received your bill; it's all wrong; I paid an agent last February." Indeed! well, the money has not yet found its way to our pocket, and probably never will. But let us break another seal, in hope of better luck. "Dear Sir: In relation to your most excellent paper, I have read it with a considerable degree of satisfaction for almost two years, and should like to continue it another year, if my circumstances would admit of it. I will send you the pay for them in a few weeks, and if I conclude to take your paper another year, will inform you. Well; this is a promise of money; wonder if our workmen will content themselves with a transfer of it in part payment! We'll ask them.

Friday, May 26th.—Nothing from the Post Office, but three returned papers, and one unpaid letter, informing us that Mr. — is dead, and his widow is too poor to pay our bill, which amounts to just \$5.50. Poor woman! Poor me! Never mind; we'll make a donation of it to the Lord. "He who giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." Mr. — who has made some type-stands, called for his pay; had got to take up a note in bank. Sorry for you, dear sir, but hav'nt got a dollar. Mr. — looked disappointed. So did we.

Saturday, May 27th.—Pay day, once more; and nothing to pay. Several workmen call in the forenoon, one for \$35.00, others for less sums, down to \$2.00. Bestowed \$9 in the course of the day, to divide between them. Afternoon mail brought four letters. No. 1 requests that Mr. Brown's paper be hereafter sent to W., but does not inform us where it has been sent hitherto. Never mind—a couple hours diligent search in our direction books will remedy that omission.

Later.—We've found just twenty-five Brown's on our list; and are a little puzzled to know which of the twenty-five has gone to W.—! Let us consider; six of these have not paid for the current year; four owe for two years; and one, who has received the paper just four years and twenty-one weeks, has never paid a cent for it. He must be the man—for his letter comes to us, postage unpaid. Oh, yes; we ought to accommodate him, and shall transfer his paper with great pleasure. It always gratifies us to do a charitable act. Letter No. 2 contains—poetry!—Bah! such

is neither rhyme nor reason. What cost! It costs only ten cents postage; and a cheap for a sheet and a half of foolscap, and with the erudition of a fool's brain, shall put it on file for our Cabinet of Poetries. No. 3 is endorsed "Post Office News," but as the very intelligent person who sent it, neglected to put his name on it, his intended frank is good for nothing. So his blunder costs us just five cents, which ours never cost us any more. The No. 4 is interesting. It informs us that Mr. — whom our paper has been sent about two months, "has gone to Paris unknown," without paying his bill, which amounts to just nineteen Yankee shillings.—Let us look into No. 4. Postage paid; the North Sea Islanders, and the

Let us read. "With the Liberty party, as a political organization, I never have identified myself; I paid Mr. Booth \$5 in January, and \$2 about a month ago; besides paying \$2 to you for Charter Oak, my own subscription. I now enclose \$5.00 as a donation to the Charter Oak, &c. &c. Pretty well, for one who is not a Liberty man! But a title of this liberality on the part of those who are, would at once relieve us of all pecuniary embarrassment. (Our friend, however, is in error, in supposing that the \$5 paid Mr. Booth were for the Charter Oak.)

Monday, May 30th.—Took two letters from the office this morning. One informed us that about \$15 which we supposed to be due on a certain bundle had been paid. Ah, well we rectify all mistakes, of course, and must deduct just that amount from our anticipated income. The other is a request that we will discontinue the paper sent to the writer, because, and only because, he is poor. So are we.

Well—here's our paper maker's bill—fifty odd dollars, to be paid before night. We'll wait—and see what the afternoon mail brings.

Afternoon.—It brings nothing in the shape of money. Here, however, is a letter from a true friend, which stimulates our flagging courage. "It would be sad and spectacle, indeed, should abandon her agent, and her paper. The shame and the folly must, if possible, be prevented." Ah, a few such brave hearts as dictated this letter, would prevent the catastrophe which we have too much reason to fear.

Tuesday, May 30th.—The mails of to-day have brought two discontinuances, and one dollar. Not as encouraging as might be; but just one hundred cents better than nothing. Besides this, a man called and paid \$2 for a year's subscription, making the receipts of the day just three dollars. As our present expenses are only a little over six dollars a day, we find that we are not losing money so fast as some great speculators in times of pressure, from whom dollars melt away more rapidly than minutes. A very consolatory reflection!

Wednesday, May 31st.—One letter—no money. And this completes the week. Let us see. Since we commenced this diary, the expenses involved in the publication of the Charter Oak, have been upwards of forty dollars. The receipts, from all sources, have been eight! Our delinquent subscribers are left to draw their own inference.

We have given a truthful record, from day to day, without concealment or exaggeration. The friends of Liberty can judge from it, whether our position abounds more in labor or profit. Those, too, who have fancied that our scribbling, for a few weeks past, has been less spirited than usual, (and some have made that complaint) can guess the reason. We let the veil fall.

The following explains itself. We are glad to see the correction made, and are sorry that Mr. Urquhart or any other Liberty party advocate, should take occasion to misrepresent our friends, and that too at the very first meeting they held in the West. Mrs. Swisshelm is very sure he did not do it intentionally; we do not say he did, but we have known such things to be intentionally done.

H. C. Wright, & C. C. Burleigh.

As a matter of justice to these gentlemen, we publish their notes; and are very sorry indeed for having misrepresented them. Anxious as we are to stir up our Reverend Watchmen, we could never consent to do so, at the expense of truth, or by casting any obliquity on any friend of the slave, much less the highly esteemed friends in question, whose friendship we deem an honor. The severe, and we fear fatal illness, of a member of our family, prevented our remaining in the city to attend the meetings last week, as we intended to give our readers an account of what was said and done. It was Mr. Urquhart who told us the lecturers had made the proposition we mentioned in our last. Of course we thought the authority perfectly good, and feel certain it was a misapprehension, as Mr. U. gave us their words, which we thought could bear no other construction, and we feel certain, he would, willingly, misrepresent no one.

For the Saturday Visitor.

PITTSBURGH, JUNE 17, 1847.

EXTENDED FRIEND.—We are well pleased to see, as we do by your paper of this morning, that you are mindful to give a wakening jog to the sleepy watchmen on the walls of the Pittsburgh Zion, but it does not strike us as quite the right thing that you should make an occasion to do so by misrepresenting us, especially when occasions enough, in all conscience, can be honestly come by. You say that "C. C. Burleigh and H. C. Wright have given notice that they intend, while in this city, to prove that the Bible sanctions slavery, and should therefore be discarded." Now have given no such notice, we have no such intention, and we believe no such proposition. We have not discussed, or propo-

sed to discuss, or thought of discussing the question whether the Bible ought or ought not to be discarded, or whether it does or does not sanction slavery. This latter question we have found already raised, by the pro-slavery clergy and professors of religion, and all we have done or mean to do, is just to tell them that having raised the question they may settle it to suit themselves, for all we shall have to do with it; but that if they prove that the Bible sanctions slavery, they will only have proved the Bible false and not slavery to be right. We fully agree with you, that "if they prove the proposition, the deduction follows of course," and so little do we dread the influence of such arguments, that we do not believe that they can prove the Bible false.

So, if it will make no particularly important difference to you, we should prefer that you would tell your readers next week that you have made a mistake to-day, in the statement above quoted.

Respectfully yours,

H. C. WRIGHT.

C. C. BURLEIGH.

Sixth month, 17th, 1848.

Official News of the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace with Mexico.

The Union publishes the following despatch from our Commissioners, communicating, in an official form to our Secretary of State, the ratification of treaty of peace with Mexico:

CITY OF QUERETARO, }
May 25, 1848—9 o'clock, P. M. }

Sir—We have the satisfaction to inform you that we reached this city this afternoon at about 5 o'clock, and that the treaty as amended by the Senate of the United States passed the Mexican Senate about the hour of our arrival, by a vote of 33 to 5. It having previously passed the House of Deputies, now remains but to exchange the ratifications of the treaty.

At about four leagues from this city we were met by a Mexican escort, under the command of Col. Herrera, and were escorted to a house prepared by the government for our reception. The Minister of Foreign Relations and the Governor of the city called upon us, and accompanied us to dinner, which they had previously ordered. So far as the government is concerned, every facility and honor have been offered us, and Sr. Rosa, the Minister of Foreign Relations, desires us to state that he feels great satisfaction in meeting the ministers of peace from the United States.

We will write to you again shortly, and more at length, as the courier is on the point of departure.

The city appears to be in a great state of exultation, fire-works going off, and bands of music parading in every direction.

We have the honor to be, your obedient servants,

A. H. SEVIER,
NATHAN CLIFFORD,
HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary of State.

The following straw from the correspondence of the Elyria Courier shows the quarter from which sets the political wind in Ohio.
Neil House, Columbus, June 23, 1848.

Mr. West.—You have doubtless seen some reports of the proceedings of the People's Convention in the Daily True Democrat, as its principal editor is here. The notices in the Columbus Dailies, though some of them are courteous, are not at all to be relied on. They are for the purpose of deceiving the people of the State as to the true character and consequence of the movement. For instance, the State Journal, puts the number of delegates at about 200! When the editors know that there are more strangers in attendance from all parts of the State, than have attended any other political convention for the last four years. Medary's big ball not being able to hold the people, the use of the Representative's Hall was politely tendered by Auditor Woods, the furniture cleared out, as many benches put in as could be conveniently procured, and the whole galleries and all, jammed full. Every Congressional District but one in the State, was represented, and by men of all parties, full of the one great leading idea of preserving the immense territories recently acquired, from the blight of slavery.

An address and set of resolutions have been adopted, able and catholic in their spirit, which you will soon see. A National Convention is called, to be held at Buffalo on the 9th of August, to nominate an independent candidate for President and Vice-President. Delegates will be there met, from nearly or quite every free State, and "a man for the hour" will be placed before the American people.

The whole proceedings have been, in the highest degree harmonious and enthusiastic. I have not time to give you details or to mention the speakers. The official proceedings you will soon receive, which doubtless will go before your readers.

I had heard much before I left home, of the great popularity of Taylor in this and the southern part of the State. But I find his popularity is like the milk-sickness, it never can be reached, but is always a little ahead. Gen. Taylor has no popularity in Ohio, and if the Western Reserve were to give him its usual whig majority, he would fall behind in the State, from ten to twenty thousand.

There is a general and deep disgust at the nomination, in all parts of the State. The volunteers even, who have returned from Mexico, are almost untidily opposed to him. I was told in Mansfield that out of the two companies raised there, only one man would vote for Taylor. The whole labor of the whig papers throughout the State who hoist the Taylor flag, is to satisfy whigs that they may possibly be consistent men and vote for their candidate! Almost the only men I find who are satisfied with the nomination, and go it with a will, are the few Tylrites who are scattered through the towns. They may bring in all from 500 to 1000 votes to the Taylor ticket, and they make as much noise as though they were half the people.—A few of the true blue whigs, who are within hopeful distance of jobs of government printing, district marshals and attorneyship, post offices, &c. &c. strive not to be outdone in noise by the Taylor men, and vie in the race for the man of whig principles, i. e. the man who they think will appoint whigs to offices! But among the people there is a deep dissatisfaction, and from all quarters we hear the cry "Give us a man whom we can consistently support!" The only real contest ahead, in Ohio at least is between Cass and the nominee of the Buffalo Convention, for no observant man has the least idea that Taylor can get the vote of Ohio, and to effectually oppose Cass, we must rally for the new man.

Another Outrage.

On Saturday evening a party consisting of three Kentuckians and one Cincinnati, visited the house of Mr. Casey, a very respectable colored man, living in Bank Alley. They rushed past Mr. Casey, who was in the yard, and burst open the door, where Mrs. Casey had just closed, throwing her down. Mr. Casey then coming in, asked them their business. They answered that they were hunting horse-thieves. Casey then said that such a pretence was an insult, as he was too well known to be suspected of harboring such; that he knew their business to be a search after runaway slaves, and that if they could look at Detroit they would probably find them preparing to cross the river. He also told them that if they didn't leave he should be compelled to break their heads, and give them a comfortable position on the pavement. They attempted to search, but no one was permitted to enter any room but the kitchen, save the Cincinnati. Mr. Casey getting impatient, they thought proper to adjourn to the yard. They then commenced swearing a little at the women who had assembled in rather dangerous multitudes, but couldn't make any impression on them, and only made themselves ridiculous to a crowd of people, assembled to see the fun. Casey then ordered them out of the yard, and gave them assurance that if they came again they would meet a bullet; for they had no warrant, and against all unwarrentable proceedings of the sort he was able, willing, and determined, to defend himself and property.

The baffled slave-hunters thus retired, amid the jeers of a large crowd of white and black. The Cincinnati is named Ryder, and has heretofore borne an unenviable reputation as a bully. He probably will discover that there is no profit to be gained by his attendance at such parties, and that the blood of an escaping slave, is not worth the trouble.

—Cin. Her. of June 17th.

Statistics of Western Populations.

Omo welcomed the first permanent settlers in 1788; now, in 1846, it is occupied by 1,732,000 people.

Michigan, to which the attention of emigrants was turned twelve or fourteen years ago, now has 300,000 people.

Indiana, admitted into the Union in 1816 has received a population of more than half a million in 30 years, and now numbers more than 900,000 inhabitants.

Illinois was organized a separate territory in 1810, and entered the Union as a State in 1818. From that date, its population trebled every ten years till the last census, and in the last five years, has risen from 476,000 to 780,000.

Missouri, which in 1810 had only 20,800 people, now has 600,000, having increased fifty per cent in six years.

Iowa was scarcely heard of in the last ten years ago, and it is but fourteen since the only white inhabitants North of the Missouri line were a few Indian traders. More than 100,000 now make that beautiful land their home; 60,000 of whom have gone in during the last four years.

Wisconsin was organized ten years ago; the marshals are now taking the census, and from the present appearances, the population will vary but little from 150,000, being an increase of one hundred thousand in five years. One portion of the territory thirty-three miles by thirty, which, ten years ago, was an unbroken wilderness, now numbers 87,000 inhabitants; and the emigration to that part of the West is greater than ever.

The Cholera.

The Sanitary Commissioners appointed by the Parliament of England, have made a remarkable report. It appears that Cholera and Influenza are intimate diseases, both delighting in the same localities, and that the latter is far more dangerous than the former. Last November, the Influenza attacked in London 500,000 persons, making for the space of eleven weeks, 6,145 deaths per week above the usual number, an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by the Cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it raged in 1833. On examination, it seems that Cholera is diarrhoea, developed to a monstrosity form by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, accumulated moist exhalations, with sudden changes of temperature. Influenza is the ordinary cold developed to an epidemic. Cholera, in its first stages, readily yields to aromatics, opium and astringents. Now, having found out the cause, we have but to remove it to prevent the effect; and knowing the cause, we can more intelligently proceed to modify the effect. It becomes then the duty of municipal bodies to remove all stagnant pools, ditches, bad drains, and, if possible, forest lands and marshes contiguous to fact, to take away, as far as possible, every cause that may engender miasma.—Prisoner's Friend.

Abolition of Slavery in Connecticut.—It is not generally known that Connecticut had never passed a law abolishing slavery, and eight or ten slaves are still in that State.—The Assembly a few days ago, passed a bill abolishing it forever and compelling the masters of the free slaves existing to support them for the rest of their lives.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Methodist General Conference.

This ecclesiastical body has concluded its labors for the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and forty eight, and it is natural and proper that we inquire after the nature of its doings. In this age of abstractions and re-proving of "sins in general that no one ever commits," how gratifying to the friends of humanity, had this body made a push in advance of the old beaten track; but it is idle to hope for anything of this nature from such a source. Since 1844 you could not broach the subject of the connection of the church with slavery to a Methodist, but you were met with the rejoinder, "O, we have nothing to do with slavery, there has been a division of the church;" claiming for themselves the merit of non-fellowship of slavery and slaveholders. It was said in reply that the "division" was nothing from which the North could claim merit, as they labored hard to prevent it, and were now in reality as much in fellowship with the South as ever. This was denied.

Let us see who is right. Rev. L. Pierce, D. D., presents himself to the Conference as a delegate of the M. E. Church South, proposing fraternal relations between them, the M. E. Church and the Church South, and "because of existing serious difficulties and questions between the two bodies," the Conference therefore

Resolved, That while we tender to the Rev. Dr. Pierce all personal courtesies, and invite him to attend our sessions, this General Conference does not consider it proper at present, to enter into fraternal relations with the M. E. Church South.

If he is the representative of a wicked set of men, from which you have separated yourselves, why be so fawning? But you do not so regard him, nor do you refer to, or mean slavery by your "serious difficulties and questions," for if you did, as the Church South is based upon slavery, you could not have done less than to have reported at once and forever against fraternizing with the Church South, and not have qualified that report with your "at present." But what did the Rev. Dr. S. Peck, chairman of the committee, say of the deliberations in committee? "On all hands, by all the speakers, the kindest expressions were used, 'As a Christian and a Christian minister the committee were prepared to accord to him (Dr. Pierce,) all due respect.' But how does Bro. Hunter describe the exercises at the Church South, where he attended? The Rev. Dr. Dixon preached—at the close of his sermon the "venerable Bishop Hedding commenced the solemn services of the Lord's supper, and affectionately invited Bishop Soule to kneel with him at the table," which he did, and by consequence "emotions too big for utterance filled the hearts of many in that assembly." All differences were for the moment forgotten." * * * "Among the preachers who surrounded the table, we rejoiced to see the Rev. Dr. Pierce, of Georgia."

Verily the Church is divided and we have nothing to do with slavery!! But a little more. At the request of A. Stevens the secretary read an article purporting to have been published in Zion's Herald, claiming that the rejection of Dr. Pierce was mainly on the ground of slavery—"that its whole import is a verdict against slavery and ecclesiastical alliance with slavery." A. Stevens affirmed the sentiment. He understood the action of the committee. If he was mistaken he would make reparation.—He said many good things.

John Davis said, "It was stated in the committee on the state of the church distinctly, that it could not reject Dr. Pierce on the abstract ground of slavery—that the Discipline of the M. E. Church South is identical on that subject with ours." * * * "The committee was informed that it was the opinion of Dr. Bond, who had been so long regarded as an oracle of the church in these matters, that recognition could not be refused on the ground of slavery."

"This Conference never intended to give utterance to the sentiments contained in that article, never! never! it would be our ruin!!" And so, bloody monster that you are, rather than suffer dissolution, you choose, like the civil compact, to hang together with the warm blood of three millions of God's equal creatures, extorted by your civil and ecclesiastical est-e-ne-tails.

J. B. Finley did not think Bro. Stevens fairly represented the action of the Conference. He was an anti-slavery man, but he would not run into ultraism on either hand, "I declare here (said he) that I did not intend to make that vote a declaration against slavery."—Right, brother, for to have voted to reject the South on the ground of slavery, would not have been in accordance with "Methodist anti-slavery." It is a "serious matter that you Southerners inflect the 'plan' of division by coming too far North, but it is no 'difficulty' in the way of fraternizing, that you sell your daughters to the New Orleans market! O, how did those spiritual Doctors travel for their 'beloved Methodism,' but what cared they for poor suffering humanity! That is a business which others may look after—they are called to 'preach the gospel.' Behold the spectacle! War and slavery have become the watchwords of this nation, and here is a company of men who claim to be par-excellence the embas-

sadors of the Prince of Peace, and yet have no word of warning, of reproof. But this would be beyond the purview of our office; we are called to preach the gospel; can't you understand that?

No proposition to amend the Discipline so as to exclude slaveholders from the church, O no, "that would be our ruin." And so the poor slave must waver on in his blood and clank his chains, while these Reverend gentlemen elect Cass or Taylor—kill more Mexicans if need be—annex Cuba, and save souls!

Yours for consistency,
E. F. CURTIS.
Parkman, June 18th, 1848.

June 22nd, 1848.

FRIENDS:—

I am surprised at times, at the sanction which slaveholding has received from the pens of the "chief men among the brethren." How true it is that there is no power out of the church which could sustain it a day.—Slaveholding is made honorable, and slaveholders the most exemplary Christians in the land!

My object in writing is, to call the attention of your readers to some things in the Millennial (?) Harbinger. At the close of the volume for the year 1839, there was copied from the Oberlin Evangelist, a discourse on this text, "Owe no man any thing."—Romans 13-8. The editor commends the paper, and says of the discourse, "I think it substantially orthodox, and I should like to see it fully tested by being reduced to practice."

In the course of argument, the writer, speaking of those who are not conscientious in the payment of debts, holds this language. "I do not see why they should be 'suffered to come to the communion table any more than whoremongers, or murderers, or drunkards, or Sabbath breakers, or slaveholders." What! hinder slaveholders from coming to the communion, and place them in so black a list! No, no! this will never do, says the editor of the Harbinger; I ought to have erased that one word, so "revolting," "unjust," "exceedingly gross," &c. On the cover of the next number, and in the body of the work of the number following, I find this apology. "I did not observe in time for correction within this number, that certain very strong and, to my mind, highly revolting, unjust, and unwarrantable expressions concerning debt and slaveholders, intended to have been erased from a sermon otherwise valuable, copied from the Oberlin Evangelist into the December number, were not expunged." * * * My regret on seeing them in the Harbinger was moderated only by their exceeding grossness—believing that none of my acquaintances could imagine me capable of approving such an outrage against many of the most exemplary Christians in the land." (!)

Said a slaveholder to me while at Memphis, "I take Bro. Campbell's position on slavery." He owned one, and the undivided half of another slave; and openly advocated the superiority of slave labor, over free labor, and preached in those regions "round about." His house was only separated by a narrow street from two extensive slave markets, *entire chambers to death.* No war between him and them.

Yours for the poor slave,
TRUMAN CASE.

CHERRY VALLEY, June 28, 1848.

FRIENDS JONES:—

It may encourage the friends to learn that in this region there are no doubtful indications of progress in public sentiment touching the subject of slavery. Since my recovery from the ague, I have held very satisfactory meetings every Sunday, in such places as I could reach. An interest was manifested in all of them, resulting from principle and not circumstances—on which, therefore, we may safely calculate. I hope our "Report Pecuniary" from this region which we shall make at the next Anniversary, will be a confirmation of this statement. Believe it will.

Last Sunday, in company with friend Lowe, I held a meeting a few miles north of Limesville, in Crawford county Pa. Our way lay through the grove of giant pines near Limesville. Such grand woods I never before saw. Two looks were required to see the tops; and the deep sombre shades cast by their thick foliage, gave their trunks the appearance of a colony of watching genii in the woods. I remarked to friend Lowe that it must require about as much courage to attack them with the hope of clearing them off, so that the plowman could safely take their place, as to wage a successful war in behalf of Liberty, upon the pro-slavery religion of the land—and that was about as hard a task as I had ever before thought a sane man would dare undertake. Our friends gave us a cheerfully hospitable reception. Whatever friend of the slave may pass that way, will find open doors, and what's better, open hearts, at friend Isaac Brooks.

Our meeting was well attended. Most were very attentive listeners, and a large proportion gave evidence that our doctrines were heartily relished. A few Liberty party friends seemed to be disturbed on account of the unpleasant and unenviable position the superior light of genuine anti-slavery showed them to be in. At the close of our meetings the people were all excited. I believe the result will prove that it was well for the slave the meeting was held.

Crawford county is an excellent but neglected field, on which to bestow anti-slavery labor. Why has it not been improved? The society, abolitionists, has not had the means, and the bondman pines on account of your neglecting to furnish them. This must not be. While thousands are being bestowed for the purpose of pampering a bloated priesthood, shall the abolitionists fail to equal their zeal in bestowing for the redemption of our brother and sister in bonds? Let a replenished treasury of our society give the cheering answer, NO. Now is the time to agitate, O! for the means.

Yours for "going forward."
H. W. CURTIS.

Byesville, Ohio, June 30th 1848.

BENJAMIN & ELIZABETH:—

Dear Friends—Myself and wife have spent three weeks in holding Anti-Slavery meetings in parts of Guernsey, Morgan, and Belmont counties. Our meetings have been of the *Discipline school*—altogether new in most parts of the places we have visited. Liberty party abolitionism is the order of the day in this region, and seems to be considerably popular. This being the case, we were hailed with a great deal of gladness in many places. We have held seventeen meetings, and where we found any considerable share of intelligence our meetings were profitable. Where the people were wedded to party and sect, and ignorant of truth, the truth seemed not to be apprehended—the people could not see, and but little was effected. I am fully convinced that the success of our principles depends almost entirely upon the intelligence of the people. All the political parties, and all the religious sects of the country, have something by which to accommodate themselves to the ignorance of the people, at any time, and in any place. But the great principles by which man is to be redeemed in this country are not so—they require intelligence, even to warrant a hope of success.—For ignorance, party prejudice, and sectarian bigotry form a barrier that even defies truth for a time, and can only be broken through by a continual application of truth, intelligently presented, and the destruction of these would be the redemption of the race.

I will not now give a history of our adventures in this new field—they are many, and some of them thrilling with interest. I may write them out after this. We found this country to be very mountainous, and to afford very poor roads in many places. Once our buggy upset, and once our horse ran away and smashed our buggy to pieces; but we escaped unhurt.

Yours with true regard,
N. N. SELBY.

[We are glad to hear such cheering news of the labors of our friend Selby, and heartily thank him for his encouraging list of new subscribers.—EDS.]

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JULY 7, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Annual Meeting.

The 6th Annual Meeting of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Salem, Columbiana Co., on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Let a full representation of the slaves' friends come up on this occasion from all parts of the Great West. The political leaders are marshalling their hosts for a conflict, their followers are rallying by hundreds of thousands to the support of their party banners. Time, and money, and labor are expended to secure their object. And shall the friends of Freedom, whose faith should be strong in the power of Truth, be lukewarm and indifferent while politicians are warring in their labors, so untiring in their zeal! The events of the past year should encourage us to renewed effort, for every movement of importance which has been made, having an bearing upon the question of slavery, fore-shadows the destruction of the system, and the oppressors feel that it is so. The political parties will make a desperate effort to save themselves from the destruction their corruption has brought upon them; and the efforts of the abolitionists to maintain and enforce the Right should be proportionably great.—Arrangements should be made at the coming meeting to continue the anti-slavery agitation by the lips of the living speaker, and to extend more widely the circulation of the Society's paper—the Anti-Slavery Bugle. Let none of the friends who can be there, absent themselves for any light cause, for the presence of all, and the counsel of all is desirable.

Besides the friends of Liberty in the West who will be present on the occasion, HENRY C. WRIGHT and CHAS. C. BURLEIGH are expected to be in attendance, and perhaps other representatives of the East.

LOT HOLMES,
Recording Sec'y.

Visit from a Slaveholder.

We had quite an excitement in Salem on Thursday of last week. A slaveholder from Missouri stopped at Webb's Temperance house on the evening previous, bringing with him a slave who was "fat and sleek, contented and happy." His entrance into the town excited the suspicions of the friends of liberty, for it is not usual for a Northerner to ride alone in a double seated buggy, and have a colored servant following at a respectful distance on horseback.

At an early hour on Thursday morning a considerable number of abolitionists were on the premises, or in the immediate neighborhood, armed and equipped as the law of humanity directs, and determined that the slave, or the supposed slave should not accompany his master further unless he wished so to do. The master seemed confident that "Jeff" would not leave him, said that though formerly a slave, he was now free, and could seek other employment whenever he wished. Jeff told the same story, and mentioned the amount of his monthly wages; but said he had a wife who was a slave, and that he intended bringing her to Ohio before long.—Upon being questioned as to whether he had any legal evidence of his manumission, he admitted he had not; and it was then represented to him that if he spoke the truth, and had in reality been emancipated, neither Missouri nor any other slaveholding State was a safe place of residence for him. He was, however, determined to go back; his wife, he said, was there, and return he would.—His master appeared to be no way afraid to trust him to do what he chose, and Jeff, to show that this was the case, walked away with several fugitives who had been conversing with him, telling him in his master's presence, that when in slavery they had as good a story as his, and until they had a chance to run away, asserted they were satisfied with their condition. While absent with them, he admitted that he was a slave—thus confessing that he and his master had both lied. He did not, however, feel the necessity of leaving at present, though he said he intended to be back in a few weeks. As they were traveling North, perhaps he may yet improve the opportunity to assert his freedom, for he is free, even by the laws of this Union, his master having brought him into a free State; and should the latter, on their return, again claim him as a slave, he would be guilty of kidnapping as defined by law, though public opinion in Missouri would of course, stand between him and the penalty.

The demonstration of Thursday was a gratifying one, and proved the impossibility of any slaveholder bringing a slave to Salem and holding him as such, unless he had first been frightened orajoled into an apparent consent to remain a chattel. Force would have been resorted to by some who were then present, rather than the man should have been carried off against his will. And we are inclined to think that not even a recaptured fugitive could be openly taken through Salem, unless those who had him in charge were prepared to fight their way; and if we could believe it was right to fight in any case, it would be to secure freedom for ourselves or freedom for others, and this, Constitution or no Constitution.

The Fair.

Do the friends realize that the time for holding the Anti-Slavery Fair is rapidly drawing near, and that what is done for it must be done quickly! We should be glad to hear of the prospects of those in different neighborhoods who are laboring for it. We have had reports from several localities, and wish they were all equally favorable. Some of the friends design doing more than they did last year, while others appear to have so wholly exhausted their energies in their previous effort, they are unable to give any assistance at present. It is to be hoped that whatever inability or indifference may prevail among certain of those who labored last year, will be more than balanced by the increased efforts of others. And it should constantly be borne in mind by those who labor for the Fair, and all its friends, that it is not alone the manufactured articles of Sewing Circles they are asked to contribute, but every kind of produce, all sorts of merchandise, and all descriptions of manufactures.

A box of articles from Philadelphia has already been received, and another from Boston is on its way. Will not the friends of the slave in the West, do what they can in their respective neighborhoods! If there be a deficiency in the amount of donations, let it not, reader, be through your lukewarmness or indifference. Do what you can to stimulate others—and yourself, if need be—to action. The enemies of the cause measure your love for it, by the efforts you put forth to advance it; let them not think your interest in it, small. But a little more than a month remains for you to labor in promoting the success of the Fair. Short as the time is, if you choose you can do much.

RUMSELLING TAVERNS.—A correspondent of the "Clarion of Freedom" complains very sorely, because the Sons of Temperance, at a recent celebration at Lloydsville, chose to patronize a grog shop, in preference to either of the two temperance houses in the immediate neighborhood.

Another Friend of Man Fallen.

FRIEND EDITORS:—

No notice, I believe, has yet been published in your paper of the death of Wm. C. Alexander; a mistake, I suppose, having been made in forwarding the notice to you. As the deceased was extensively known, and respected, among a large portion of the readers of the Bugle in Northern O. and Western Pa., it is particularly desirable that such notice yet be given.

He died of Consumption, in the 28th year of his age, at Columbiana on the 17th of June, after an illness of some eight months. His disease originated in a spell of the measles.

Few persons illustrate in their lives, such a happy combination of virtues as did the deceased. To do good to others seemed to be, and certainly was a leading motive to all his actions.

In early youth he evinced a great desire for knowledge, which object he pursued to the extent of his abilities through life. Recognizing mental development as the basis of all improvement, he labored for several years assiduously, and effectually in the cause of Educational Reform. All the great reforms of the day, which have a tendency to improve the condition of man, met with his hearty support. He was ever keenly alive to the wrongs, and woes of the pining bondman, whose cause he early, and earnestly espoused.

His mind was of that calm, deliberative kind, which scrutinizes carefully the adaptability of a cause to the production of a desired effect, and hence deduces principles, by an uncompromising fidelity to which is secured the confidence and co-operation of those who come within the sphere of its influence. No mystified theology obscured his mental perceptions of duty. No sectarian trammels, or religious dogmas, restricted his adherence to the dictates of unsophisticated nature.—He lived and died, in the full belief that to promote human happiness on earth, is man's highest duty and that, independent of the saving virtues of the blood of sacrificed innocence, human nature possesses within itself, a recuperative power, which will ensure its constant progression towards, and approximation to the great central principle of goodness, until ultimate perfection shall have demonstrated the dignity of humanity.

J. HAMBLETON.
Salem, July 3rd., 1848.

An obituary notice of our friend Alexander should have been published before; but none was sent us, and as we were not acquainted with the facts attendant upon his death, we did not, ourselves, feel qualified to write one.

The Nomination Accepted.

It is reported that Martin Van Buren has accepted the nomination tendered him by the Barnburners; if this be true, the intelligence will be anything but pleasing to Cass and Taylor. If we may be permitted to recommend these illustrious Generals to a source from which they may derive consolation upon the principle that "misery loves company," we would direct their attention to that pathetic ballad in the volume entitled "Mother Goose's Melodies," which commences,

"Jack and Jill went up a hill."

Let them remember that their present condition is infinitely preferable to that of Jack or Jill, inasmuch as they have not gone up the hill, and probably will not; and therefore cannot tumble down, seeing they are already as low as possible, and he that is low need fear no fall.

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."—The "Mobile Herald" informs its readers that,

"The steamer Amaranth brought down yesterday forty-eight Creek Indians, the last remnant in this State of that once powerful and warlike nation. They are on their way to join their brothers west of the Mississippi."

This is a brief epitaph for a fallen and dispersed nation, for a people whose kindred were once numerous as the leaves upon the forest trees, and who were the sole possessors of this land from the rising to the setting sun. But they who have despoiled them of their inheritance, who have driven them from the graves of their ancestors and extinguished the council fires of their nation, have no right to inscribe the epitaph of their victims. The curse of the white man's presence has rested upon the aborigines of America—the most powerful of their tribes have melted away before its influence, and the few who yet remain can exclaim with Logan, "Who is there to mourn for us? Not one!"

"Our land, once green as Paradise, is hoary. 'E'en in its youth with tyranny and crime; Our soil with blood of Africa's sons is gory. Whose wrongs Eternity can tell, not Time; And Red men's' woes shall swell the damning story."

To be rehearsed in every age and clime." The death of a single man is sometimes made the occasion for a show of national grief; but as the funeral train passed out from the haunts of civilization, bearing the remains of a once powerful and generous nation to its grave in the far, far West, no heed was given to the mournful procession—the strife upon the political field ceased not for a single moment, the noise and hurry of business was not for an instant suspended. A paragraph of five lines chronicles the fact that the last remnant of the Creek Indians have forever passed from their former homes in the South—and that is all!

The Conventions.

The Barnburners Convention at Utica, and the Free Territory Convention at Columbus indicate a state of feeling in the political ranks that is too strong for the slave power to crush. The former nominated Martin Van Buren as candidate for the Presidency, subject, we presume, to the decision of a National Convention of Independents, which is to be held at Buffalo on the 9th of August.—Should he accept the nomination, and should the disaffected Whigs forget, or waive the minor questions of party, the friends of Taylor and of Cass may well tremble for the result; for movements like those of the Barnburners of New York, and the Independents of Ohio, are fraught with the utmost importance to the two great political parties of the land; and they also show the progress of that moral regeneration which must necessarily precede all political or other physical force efforts.

We have before us the address of the Columbus Convention to the people of Ohio, but as it is too long for our columns, we must make a few extracts suffice.

After briefly referring to our acquisition of Mexican territory, it says,

"Shall this vast region be Free Territory or Slave Territory? It is now Free. Not a slave breathes its pure air. Shall Slavery be forced into it by the Government of the United States! Shall Freedom be abolished to make room for Slavery! Shall the free laborers of the North and the South, the Union and the World, be excluded thence, or degraded there, in order that the enslavers of men and dealers in human beings, may be admitted with their victims and their merchandise!"

This is the Great Paramount Question of the present moment, not to be evaded or postponed. In view of this question, the people of the Free States, have, within the last three years, repeatedly, and in every form, and with singular unanimity, announced their fixed determination to permit no further extension of Slavery. This determination has found expression in the Wilmot Proviso, adopted by a large majority of the House of Representatives, but unhappily defeated in the Senate; in the Resolves of Legislatures; in the Declarations of State Conventions; and in the resolutions of primary meetings of the People of all parties throughout the Free States.

No where was this all pervading sentiment more distinctly announced than in Ohio, the Empire State of the West, herself indebted for this proud distinction to the provision of the Ordinance of 1787, excluding the curse of slavery from her borders. Her Legislature in both houses, the Conventions of all her Political Parties, and Popular Assemblies of each Party, took decided and unequivocal ground. Among the Principles of Ohio, none seemed more firmly fixed than that of hostility to Slavery extension and the growth of the Slave Power.

It is now to be determined whether Ohio will abide by her Principles, thus declared, or basely surrender them, upon the demand of the Slaveholders and Submissionists, who have succeeded in obtaining the control of the National Conventions of two of the great Political Parties."

It then speaks at some length of the action of the Democratic and Whig nominating conventions, and says,

"The Baltimore Convention disbanded the Democratic party. The Philadelphia Convention performed the same service for the Whig party. It is true that the nominations both of General Cass and General Taylor were made by persons delegated respectively, for the Whig and Democratic parties, and each nominee may receive the suffrages of a plurality of those who have hitherto constituted the party for which he was nominated. But General Cass is not a true representative of the Democracy; nor is General Taylor in any sense, a representative of the Whigs. The supporters of Cass are Cass men rather than Democrats. The supporters of Taylor are Taylor men rather than Whigs. The supporters of both are willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious rascals controlled by the Slave Power. While the nations of Europe, in the light of the great principles of the American Declaration of Independence, are struggling for freedom—at the very moment when France, having overturned the Throne and established the Republic, is giving to her colonial slaves, that freedom which she has just acquired for herself, the world beholds the amazing spectacle of two great parties in the United States, vying with each other, not in providing securities for freedom and extending the blessings of liberty, but in preparing fetters for themselves and their posterity, by extending slavery over vast regions now exempt from the baneful curse."

We have met in Convention to protest against this base surrender of the rights of the Free States; to declare ourselves and the people exempt from all obligation to the support of the nominees of the Slaveholders and their adherents; to call upon all lovers of Liberty, all haters of Despotism, all true Whigs of 1776, all true Democrats of the school of Jefferson, to rally under the glorious banner of Independence against their nominations."

We wage no war against Slave States.—We do not ask that Slavery be abolished by Congressional enactment in any State. But we do demand Slavery shall not lay its foul hands upon us. We do demand that Slavery shall cease to control the action of the National Government. We do demand that Slavery shall be excluded from National Territories.

In all this we demand nothing more than every Statesman of the Era of Independence and of the Constitution, supposed to be fully secured to the people of the Free States. No Statesman of that day dreamed that the power of the General Government would ever be used to extend or foster Slavery; or that any National Territory would be stained and cursed by its presence. On the contrary almost all concurred in the opinion that Slavery, under the moral influence of the National Government, and through the legitimate action of the State Legislatures and individual emancipators, would, at no very distant day, disappear from all the States."

After referring to the action and power of Congress in relation to National Territory and the admission of Slave States, it thus proceeds:

"Emboldened by past success, the slaveholders have entered upon their last great experiment. Hitherto they have been content with securing the progress of Slavery, under the protection of the Federal Government, in territories where Slavery existed at the time of acquisition. They now demand the extension of Slavery into Free Territories. They demand the sanction of National Legislation for the traffic in men and women, in Territories where such traffic is now as it ought to be everywhere, a crime in law. They demand that the American People, debasing themselves below the level of the vilest governments of the old world, shall enact, in the view of mocking despots and indignant Free-men, the infamous part of propagandists of Slavery. They have so far succeeded that they have stifled the voice of Freedom in the nominating conventions at Baltimore and Philadelphia. They have exacted from the first of them the slavish and absurd declaration that all action against slavery is unwarranted and dangerous; in the other they temporarily laid on the table a resolution against the extension of slavery, offered by a delegate from this State. They have secured nominations, by both conventions, of Presidential candidates prepared to concede them their extreme demands.

Nothing remains but the choice of disgraceful submission, or manly resistance. Our election is made. We believe also, the election of the people of Ohio is made. The backs of Party and the satellites of slavery will find that there is a point to which parties can neither be led or driven. That point is the conscious abandonment of vital principles for the mere chance of party success. That the people are not prepared to descend to that point of degradation, we have the most cheering assurances from all parts of the State. Indications multiply of a mighty uprising of the masses, which will overwhelm the betrayers of the principles of Ohio.

Nor are these indications confined to our own State. The Democracy of New York, like a strong man after sleep, is arming itself to do battle for Freedom. It has shaken off at once the deadly embraces of Whiggism and the slave power, and stands forth, full of strength and vigor, as the champion of Liberty. The Whigs of Massachusetts, reverting to the maxims of the Whigs of 1776, and discarding the cold and heartless conservatism, are gathering on the old battle fields of freedom to strike again for her sacred cause. From the farthest West and from the farthest East come words of encouragement and cheer."

Then appealing to the Democrats & Whigs of Ohio to break their party ties, and support those only who are in favor of Free soil for Freedom, it concludes as follows:

"Fellow Citizens: We commit the cause of Freedom to the Free-men of Ohio. We cannot, will not, believe that you will desert it, or suffer it to be deserted. From every quarter we have the most auspicious assurance. The People are rousing and moving. One struggle—one earnest, persevering, mighty, united effort and the victory will be won, and the Slave Power humbled forever."

A KENTUCKY INVITATION.—Some time since, five persons, residents of Campbell county, Ky., designated in law as slaves, started on a northern tour by the way of the Ohio branch of the underground railroad. Their sorrowing masters followed after, but though unable to retake their fleeing property, they ascertained the names of fifteen of the railroad agents, whose business location was between Cincinnati and Sandusky. These were accordingly arrested upon a warrant issued by a justice of Warren county, and the enormous bail of 4000 dollars was required of each of them, to await the action of the Executive of this State upon the demand of the Governor of Kentucky for their bodies. We understand, however, that Governor Bebb, who seems to have less horror of slave stealing than either the Warren county justice or the Kentucky Executive, has politely declined using any compulsion to induce the fifteen to visit the Court of Common Pleas of Campbell county, Ky., there to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge preferred against them. The slave claimants will therefore have no redress unless they resort to the law of '93, and invoke the power of "our glorious Union" to punish the men who are accused of being guilty of shewing mercy.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The House has passed a bill regulating newspaper postage differing from that reported to the Senate, and which contemplated making the proposed change in the Post Office regulations on the 1st of July; we fear, however, that no change will be made this session. Among the provisions of the bill are the following:

Newspapers not exceeding 1000 square inches in size, free within the county or thirty miles of publication office. Within the State, or within one hundred miles in any direction, 1 cent postage.

Newspapers not exceeding 500 square inches in size, free within the limits of county or thirty miles, and 1 cent postage any distance beyond.

Magazines, Pamphlets &c. two cents for those not above one ounce, one cent for each additional ounce.

Newspapers, circulars &c. not sent from publication office, two cents, to be prepaid.

POST OFFICE BILL.—The Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, has reported a bill to that body recommending a uniform postage of three cents on all prepaid letters, or five cents paid on delivery; and one cent on all newspapers prepaid, or two cents on delivery. The probability is, that no action will be taken on the bill during the present session of Congress, and its fate the next session will be determined to a considerable extent by the reception the proposition meets with at the hands of the people.

General Items.

Lotteries have been abolished in New Jersey—the privileges of the last gambling company terminated on the 10th ult.

The steamer America made the passage from Liverpool to Boston in ten days!

An Anti-Taylor paper is to be started at Columbus, which will advocate the claims of the Buffalo nominees that are to be.

A letter containing three thousand dollars was lately opened in the dead letter office at Washington.

A fire in Norfolk, Va., on the 16th ult., consumed sixty-two houses. Loss estimated at 287,000 dollars.

A portion of the telegraph wires between New York and Philadelphia run under the Hudson river, or rather are laid on its bottom. They are enclosed in a covering of gutta percha to protect them from the action of the water, and on experiment are found to work well.

The "Staunton Democrat" says, "the philanthropy of Gen. Cass is as comprehensive as the over-arching sky;" the "Louisville Journal" finishes the sentence by adding, "and his prospects are as blue."

The "European Times" gives the following illustration of the close calculation of the captain of one of the British steamers—we do not believe Deshong, the great mathematician, could beat it.

"Capt. Judkins, on leaving Liverpool on his last voyage, ordered his dinner to be ready at his hotel on his return home from New York, at 6 o'clock, May 22nd, and that he was there within five minutes of the time. His dinner is ordered for his next return on Saturday the 8th of July."

It is said that, of the American troops sent to fight the Mexicans, about one thousand have joined the Mexican army.

A company of Ottawa Indians in Michigan, consisting of seven hundred persons, raised last season 25,000 bushels of corn, and 40,000 bushels of potatoes. They also made this past spring 325,000 lbs of maple sugar. This would give to each one, man, woman and child in round numbers, 35 bushels of corn, 57 bushels of potatoes, and 464 pounds of sugar. The Washington Union says that sugar is worth there 7 cents a pound, potatoes 37 cents a bushel, and corn 50 cents; so the average share of each member of the tribe would be \$71.35—a pretty fair result for Indian agriculture.

John Van Buren says that if Cass runs on his own merits in New York, it would require pretty strong affidavits to prove that he had been running at all.

The hay crop in the United States is worth one hundred million of dollars—three times as much as the cotton crop; and yet cotton-ocracy yields a thousand times the power the hay interest does; who, in fact, ever heard of the latter?

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.—A gentleman from the South stopped at Merchants' Hotel a few days since, having two female slaves in his family. One of them escaped from him, and he could not find any police officer willing to pursue her. He left with the other.—Pittsburgh Com. Journal.

We don't know but in this case the police acted from inclination as well as duty—we hope they did; but the fact that the police were unwilling to do what the law expressly forbids their doing, does not, under the circumstances, entitle them to any great credit. Had they seized the "gentleman from the South" when he was about departing with the other slave, taken him before a magistrate and preferred a charge of kidnapping against him, we believe they would have been doing nothing more than the law of Pennsylvania would justify. The "gentleman from the South" should not have been permitted to kidnap the girl whom he had made free by taking her to a free state; the police should have seen to this matter, and as they did not, the editor of the Journal should have rebuked them for their neglect of duty. But perhaps he has forgotten what Pennsylvania did less than two years since. Why even Gen. Taylor cannot take a slave to Pittsburgh and hold him as such!

THE LIBERTY PARTY.—The State Nominating Convention of this party, held at Columbus on the 22nd, did not make any nominations, or positively ratify any which had been made. As the members of that party are going so warmly into the Presidential contest, they concluded not to have a gubernatorial candidate. The Cincinnati Herald thinks, that if Gen. Ford will repudiate the nomination of Taylor, he will receive the support of the Liberty party voters. The Convention recommended Hale and King to the Independent Convention to be held at Buffalo on the 9th proximo, and declare that if their names are not withdrawn as the Liberty party nominees, and if said convention does not present worthy candidates, they will give their support to the nominees aforesaid. The Herald says,

"We do not yet despair of seeing the Presidential contest narrowed to a choice between Gen. Taylor, and the Independent Free Soil candidate, and that upon the issue of Territorial Freedom."

Where is Liberty party? Echo answers—where!

To Correspondents.

A. McF. We credited him as desired.—Don't know how his name got on our books; we have sent him the paper from No. 10, and have no knowledge of any communication ever having been received from the P. M. at U. in relation to it.

T. W. of G. As J. B. is absent at present, and probably will not be at home for ten days, he must not expect an immediate answer to his letter.

E. F. C. We will inquire in relation to the books as soon as we see the person who was to have sent them—our impression is, they were forwarded.

A SUICIDE.—The colored man whose case we noticed a few weeks since, and who was found guilty by a Maryland court, of the crime of having circulated an anti-slavery paper, committed suicide in order to escape the penalty of the law. Poor man! He was a stranger in a strange land, he had no home, no nationality. He was persecuted to death by professed free-men because he loved liberty and hated slavery; he was murdered by professed Christians because he desired to have Christianity prevail. But what care the people? His death is but another blood stain upon the crimsoned garments of slavery; he is but one of millions of sufferers.

GOOD NEWS IF TRUE.—A correspondent of the "N. Y. Tribune" says that Hope H. Slater, the notorious man-merchant, has abandoned the traffic in slaves. Whether he has realized enough by his infamous business to satisfy all his wants, or whether his seared conscience has been made to feel, we are not informed; we should hope the cause of this change was in the latter, but fear that it originated in no better motive than a desire to retire into private life with his ill-gotten gains, with the hope there to find more respect for the former slave dealer and his family, than he has heretofore been able to win even from the slaveholders who bought from him.

ON!—The Quaker editor of the "Massillon Telegraph" has run up the Taylor flag, having ascertained that his Whig supporters will bear it; for he certainly has received no proof of Taylor's anti-slavery in particular or Whiggery in general. The editor has always been as much of an abolitionist as anybody, but—He has always been as much of a Wilnot Proviso man as anybody, but—He has always been as much opposed to the Mexican war as anybody, but—the Massillon Whigs will go for Taylor. He therefore runs up the pirate flag, for his anti-slavery "hath this extent, no more."

About forty Whig papers have refused to hoist the Taylor flag, and about the same number of Democratic repudiate Cass.

For time of meeting at Augusta, see column for notices.

The following abstract of foreign news by the Britannia, we copy from the Sat. Eve. Post.

With the exceptions of engagements which have taken place between the Italians and Austrians during the week, and the surrender of some Danish soldiers to the Prussian army, affairs generally look somewhat quiet. France is, however, the theatre of considerable confusion.

The London Times states that the resignation of Lamartine and Ledru Rollin was openly talked of in Paris, and suspicions are expressed that Lamartine was a party to the movement of the 15th. Cassidiere, late prefect of the Police, charges Lamartine with having supplied the arms to Soubrrier, which enabled him to get up the conspiracy. Lamartine's friends all allege that his aim was by making a popular demonstration to avoid a collision in the streets of Paris.

M. Thiers is reported as not unlikely to supplant Lamartine in authority.

After a stormy debate in the National Assembly a decree for preventing tumultuous assemblies in the streets was carried by 478 against 82. Several additional regulations are expected immediately in Paris. Paris was tranquil but the groups of men assembled at the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin having become more numerous on Monday afternoon than heretofore, a strong detachment of troops of the line was dispatched to disperse them. As they refused to retire, after having been three times summoned to do so, the soldiers charged with fixed bayonets. A number of persons were arrested but afterwards set at liberty. The French Assembly has voted not to impeach Louis Blanc.

The Piedmontese and the Lombardians have pronounced in favor of a union; and Charles Albert, who is now regarded as the liberator of Italy, is to be rewarded with the crown. Germany, especially Prussia and Austria, continues in a very unsettled state. The Prince of Prussia has arrived at Potsdam. Berlin is in the hands of the people. Belgium is tranquil. Calabria is in full insurrection; a body of one thousand five hundred Sicilians had passed the straits from Messina, with ten pieces of cannon, to assist their brothers in Calabria.

IRELAND.

The Repeal Association and Orange Confederation have at last fraternized. A new society, to be composed of the members of both of these bodies, is to be formed. It is to assume the style and title of the Irish League. The Irish Confederation have issued a very strong, and to say the truth, disaffected address to the people of Ireland. The following are among the more important passages: "We will not conceal from the Government that nothing but the most strenuous exertions of our counsel prevents the outbreak of an insurrection. Last week a thousand of brave men had resolved that John Mitchell should not leave the Irish shores, except across their dead bodies. We do not mean to conceal from you that the recent indignity offered to the Irish nation has generally ten-

ded to remove from our minds the hope which we have hitherto desired to cherish, that the question at issue between England and Ireland will be settled by amicable adjustment. We feel bound to tell you without disguise that these indignities and wrongs are rapidly bringing us to that period when armed resistance will become a sacred obligation enforced by the highest sanction of public duty.

"We cannot shrink from the responsibility of advising you to prepare at once, to preserve your invaded liberties by the love which you bear your country and your kind; by your attachment to your homes, by your regard for your children's weal, by your thirst for honorable fame, let no factious strife impede the execution of your designs. Learn to contemplate calmly and firmly the chance of a final struggle by furnishing yourselves with all such resources as may enable you to command success."

The sale of Mr. Mitchell's furniture took place on the 5th ult., and attracted an immense attendance, and many persons came from forty to fifty miles in order to purchase some relic. The furniture sold at extremely low prices, especially the small articles, such as books, china, glass, &c. The books, with Mr. Mitchell's autograph, brought in many instances one hundred times their original cost. The pike and two swords, which cost but a few shillings each, sold at a guinea each. The conviction of Mitchell has not quieted the strong spirit of disaffection which prevails in Ireland. The excitement created by his hard sentence and embarkation, has been seized upon and converted into an engine of agitation.

Colorophobia.

Henry H. Garnett, a highly educated and talented clergyman of Troy N. Y. has been subjected to abuse and outrage because of his color. This is by no means a singular case—it illustrates the treatment the colored man is compelled to endure in many parts of the free States! In a letter to the editor of the "Buffalo Republic" he says,

After having spent a week in your hospitable and democratic city, endeavoring to inculcate the principles of justice and humanity, I determined to visit Canada, and there present the claims of the Temperance cause. For this purpose I attempted to take the cars for Niagara Falls this morning. But on entering a car, I was ordered by James Graham, a conductor, to remove. Without hesitation I was disposed to comply with his request, until I found that he was about to lead me from the third car to the one nearest the engine. To this I objected, and returned to the seat which I had first taken. The conductor came back and insultingly ordered me to leave the car. I obeyed the command, and at the same time remonstrated against the unreasonableness of his course. But he only replied, "You shall go where I choose to place you." I asked him if I received such treatment on account of any indecorum. He said, "Colored people cannot be permitted to ride with the whites on this road, for southern ladies and gentlemen will not tolerate it." This was not a sufficient reason to my mind; and not being accustomed to yield up my rights without making at least a semblance of lawful resistance, I quietly returned towards my seat, when I was prevented by the conductor, who seized me violently by the throat, and choked me severely.

I have been for many years a cripple. I made no resistance further than was necessary to save myself from injury; but nevertheless, this conductor and another person, whose name I do not know, continued to choke and to assault me with the fist. A part of the time my legs were under the cars near the wheels, and several persons were crying out—"don't kill him, don't kill him!" An officer of the road, whose name I am informed is Wm. A. Bird, said that they would put me or any other person out, whenever they pleased, and that no law could interfere, and that I might as well attempt to sue the State of New York, as to prosecute that company.—Mr. Bird, (if that is the person's name) is a man of grey hairs, and respectable appearance but called me a "fool," and told me to "go to the devil."

I am suffering greatly from my wounds and bruises, so much so, that I called in a physician, who has kindly prescribed for my case. My eyes, temples, and breasts are severely injured.

The Shadow of Slavery.

Human slavery is Life and Labor in the state of total eclipse. Slavery has been designated "the sum of all villainies;" but there is a density and opaqueness about the huge iniquity, that distinguishes it from all other corporate depravities. When its great black, solid curse gets between human life and the sun of freedom, which God designed should light every man that came into the world, truly may it be said, that the beings thus eclipsed sit in the region and shadow of death. To their earthly hopes, to everything that is dear to this existence, to every right which inheres to man, to the whole firmament of his expectations this side of eternity, there is a total, cold, perpetual eclipse.—That is an awful fact—that, in the midst of a country boasting of being the very home and throne of Freedom's Sun, millions come to the dark inheritance of slave-life, and lay it down in the grave, without ever catching one ray of that sun from behind the black unobscured disk of that monstrous iniquity which this nation seeks to qualify with the name of "peculiar institution." The totality and darkness of this eclipse to the slave are pretty well recognized by those who live in the mid-day light of freedom; but there is one quality of this overshadowing curse which has not been taken into due estimation; a quality analogous to a prominent feature of a solar eclipse. We mean its penumra, or that cold subtle shade which it casts over life and labor, beyond the territory proper of slavery. We would invite all the workmen and workingwomen of Christendom to consider seriously this phase of that great outrage upon humanity, which many or them have perhaps thought to be perpetrated upon the African race alone.—Who can tell how free labor through the world has been depressed, degraded, robbed of its just rank and reward, despised, rejected, thrown into the gutter, shut up in fever breeding garrets, in consequence of that sum of all villainies concentrated upon the African slave! If there be any man or woman in this world, whose cheeks should reddens with virtuous indignation, above all others, at the sin of slavery, it should be the great democ-

cracy of free laborers. To what may be ascribed this ascendancy, wealth, power and perpetuity of the aristocracy of Europe, but the unanimous determination in all ages, of every one of its titled constituents, "to stand by his order;" to uphold its dignity amid the wreck or revolution or all other human interests. The democracy of labor is older than all the "orders" that have been created upon earth since man was made. The earth and all the treasures deeply hid in its heart; its mines of gold, silver and iron; the precious things that glitter upon the bed of the deep blue seas, all, all were given to enhance the rank and reward of this ancient order to shine in the diadem of human industry.—Then how can those who wear about them the badge of this God-ordained order, whose moistened foreheads glitter beneath the sun with the tithes of their profession; whose red hands are marked with the signet which Adam wore in his—how can they so desert their order as to brook the existence of slavery, which degrades the reputation of labor through the world? Suppose one-sixth of all the Dukes, Earls, and Lords in England were to-morrow to be reduced to hod-carriers, and compelled to mount buildings with brick and mortar upon their shoulders, in sight of the world, with the badges of their nobility upon their coarse blouses, think you that the English aristocracy would not feel that their "order" was degraded by such a spectacle? But what would this humiliation be in comparison with the disgrace which our ancient and honorable order incurs from the existence of slavery? One sixth of our order in the United States are reduced to the deepest degradation of condition to which human beings can be forced. They wear into the prison house of their bondage the common badges of our nobility. Every drop of perspiration that comes to their foreheads, every ridge raised by hopeless toil in their sable hands, is one of labor's perils, one of the signs of her nobility, trampled under the feet of profane conspirators against the honor, rights and rank of the great industrial democracy of the world. What the English aristocracy would feel in view of one sixth of their number reduced to hod-carriers, and compelled to wear at their work the badges of their former rank, we should feel, and more abundantly and virtuously, in view of one-sixth of our order reduced to slaves. If we could come to this great sentiment of virtuous indignation at the outrage perpetrated by slavery upon our brotherhood, the products of the slave's labor would crimson before our eyes with the reddest guilt of sin and oppression.—E. A. (Christian Citizen.)

Bill to Abolish Slave Traffic in the District of Columbia.

The Editorial correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette says:

Mr. Crowell, of Ohio, has been fortunate to obtain the unobstructed introduction into the House of a Bill, referred to the Committee of the District of Columbia, and urging the repeal of the law of February 27, 1801, and all acts sustaining, or in any manner maintaining the institution of Slavery, or the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.—The Bill was referred without serious opposition. The attempt has been made many times before to bring forward a similar Bill, and once at least before this during the present session of Congress, but this House, (Mr. Winthrop being ill yesterday, and Mr. Burr, of S. C., in the Chair as Speaker pro tem, by resolution)—have received and ordered to a first and second reading, and appropriately referred a bill to do away with the odious Slave Trade carried on beneath the Stars and Stripes of the Capital of the Union.

Notice

Is hereby given to the colored People of Ohio, that there will be a convention and a celebration on the 1st of August next, at Springfield, Warren Co. The object of the Convention is to take into consideration the importance of striking out school districts throughout the State in the several townships where colored people have a settlement, according to the enactment of the Legislature in the winter of 1847-48. The colored people of the several Townships are requested to elect delegates to meet on the last day of July, in order to improve the condition of the schools among the colored people of this State.

By direction of a preliminary meeting.
Jonas Wilson, Moderator.
Elison Coleman, Sec'y.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

Henry C. Wright, the Apostle of Peace, and Charles C. Burleigh, the eloquent Anti-Slavery Advocate, will hold meetings at the following places, viz: at
Richfield, Ohio, July 8th & 9th
Akron, " " 11th
Ravenna, " " 13th & 14th
Randolph, " " 15th & 16th
Massillon, " " 18th
Green Plain, " " 22 & 23
Cincinnati, " " 25, 26, 27 & 28
New Richmond, " " 29 & 30
Harveysburg, " August 4, 5 & 6
Georgetown, " " 12 & 13

The meeting at Akron will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The friends of Reform are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meetings, and give as wide a notice as possible. Now is the time to agitate.

Those owing for the Bugle, or from whom pledges are due to the Western A. S. Society, can avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by these meetings to pay to

SAM'L BROOKE.

Books! Books!

An assortment of Anti-Slavery and some other reformatory books can be obtained at the meetings of Wright and Burleigh. Among the rest

DICK CROWNSHIELD,
THE ASSASSIN,
AND ZACHARY TAYLOR,
THE SOLDIER.
The Difference between them.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

can be had. This Tract should be scattered broadcast over the country, as well as many other Books and Tracts comprising the assortment.

Meeting at Augusta.

Isaac and Jane M. Treecott will attend an Anti-Slavery Meeting at Augusta, on Sunday, the 16th of July, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The result of the effort made last year by the Abolitionists of the West, to hold an Anti-Slavery Fair, was abundantly gratifying; and fully demonstrated the practicability and usefulness of the plan. The Call was promptly responded to by many, the avails of whose labor greatly aided the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and enabled it to prosecute its work with renewed vigor. The exigencies of the cause demand as much sacrifice and effort now as were needed then. The victory of Freedom is not yet won—the clank of the bondman's fetters has not yet ceased—American women are still chafed and imbruted. The blighting influence that slavery has extended over the South and over the North, still exists—the Church is not yet purified of its iniquity, nor the State redeemed from its degradation. We therefore, friends of the Slave, appeal to you again—we appeal to your love of Liberty—to your reverence for the Eternal principles of Right; and ask you to bring this year another offering that may be used for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth—for the increase of Anti-Slavery knowledge.

No inconsiderable portion of the donations at last year's Fair, was derived from the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant and the Manufacturer—they were not as generous now as then, and each give ungrudgingly and liberally that which he has to bestow? Articles that cannot readily be transported to the Fair, may, with a little effort, be converted into money, or exchanged for goods that can be carried. Those who wish to aid in this work, need not be at a loss how to labor.—Where Sewing Circles are not already in operation, may we not confidently hope they will speedily be organized, that their varied gifts of beautiful and fancy articles may not be wanting!

The special object of the proposed Fair is to aid the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and all funds there received will be placed in its Treasury—no goods are solicited, and none will be sold for the benefit of any other object. Those who are willing to assist this Society in sustaining its various agencies for promoting Anti-Slavery action, for hastening the redemption of the enslaved, are earnestly invited to join us. We labor not for the advancement of any political party—for the furtherance of any measures that invoke the aid of brute force. It is by the strength of moral power we would tear down the strong holds of oppression—it is by establishing righteous principles we would secure for all an inheritance of Freedom. If you who profess to be the friends of the Slave, are really with us in this contest between Truth and Error—between Slavery and Liberty—we shall expect your cordial co-operation.

The Fair will be held at the time and place of the next Annual Meeting.

J. ELIZABETH JONES, Salem.
BETSEY M. COWLES, Austinburg.
SARRETT BROWN, New Lyme.
ELIZABETH HOLMES, Columbus.
MARIA L. GIDDINGS, Jefferson.
LYDIA IRISH, New Lisbon.
JANE D. MCNEALY, Greene.
REBECCA S. THOMAS, Marlboro.
MARIA WHITMORE, Andover.
MARY DONALDSON, Cincinnati.
ELIZABETH STEEDMAN, Randolph.
HANNAH C. THOMAS, Mt. Union.
CLARISSA G. OLDS, Unionville.
ANN WALKER, Leesport.
SARAH B. DUNNALL, Green Plain.
PHEBE ANN CANNELL, Ravenna.
HARRIET N. TORREY, Parkman.
ELLEN CLARK, Wadsworth.

MORE NEW BOOKS.

Just received from New York and Philadelphia, among a great variety of school and miscellaneous books,
Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Keightley's History of England, a New and Superior work, in two vols.

Baldwin's Pronouncing Gazetteer.

Bolle's Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary.

Wood and Bache's U. S. Dispensatory.

Davis's Revelations, "the Most Remarkable Book of the Age," &c., &c.

Blank Books of every description.

Paper-sticks of all kinds, such as lace edged, gilt and embossed note papers, fancy envelopes, motto papers, visiting cards, perforated board, perforated cards, &c. Fine cap and post papers, pens, ink, pencils. Paints (toy and fine.) Crayons, drawing pencils, drawing paper, tissue paper. In short, a complete assortment of stationery.

All for sale low at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

June 18th, 1848. if

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 6 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 20 cuts for chain. Has two machines to weave the self-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woolen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table lines, &c. woven.
ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD,
Green street, Salem.

June 16th, 1848. 6m—148

MAPLE SUGAR.

A few barrels of first rate Maple Sugar for sale very low for cash: at Cope's Cheap Store on Main street.
Salem June 20th, 1848. if

POETRY.

Revelations of the Divine.

BY REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Not in the thunder-peal that shakes the Heavens,
Not in the shoutings of the mighty sea;
Not where the fire-wave rolls from moon-tide rivers;
Not where the desolating whirlwinds flee;
Not in the seasons with their changeful glories;
Not in the crash of elemental wars;
Not where the crystal streamlets chime their stories;
Not in the skies, with sun, and moon, and stars;
Not there alone resounds the hymn supernal,
Struck from the silence by Almighty wings;
Not there alone ring forth the truths eternal
Breathed by the spirit of the King of kings!

Though Nature is a robe of lightnings woven,
Most beautiful and radiant to see,
And registers in each progressive motion
The beatings of the Heart of Deity;
Yet in its glow His loftiest revelations
Of will and essence never have been made;
His voice, that thrills and cheers the listening nations,
Comes not with blazonry of sense arrayed;
It ripples, veiled in everlasting splendor,
Through veils where Deity hath ever run,
And leaping forth, majestic, grand and tender,
From child-like lips and Heaven-bright
Soul of Man!

Not they who arrogate the name "Reformer,"
Yet light Heaven's altar with unhallowed fire;
Not they who stand like saints at every corner,
Masking their boastful hearts in white attire;
Not they who, thrallied by sense, voluptuous
breathings
Call from the lyre as pours melodious
wine;
Not they whose lips are curled with serpent
wavings;

Who fether with a creed the love Divine;
Not they who follow in the train of fashion,
Or cringe to gain the Popular applause;
Not they enslaved by Luxury or Passion,
May teach mankind the universal laws.

They who have born the Cross, the scorn,
the sorrow,
Enduring all things with forgiving love;
They who have sought from scrolls of falsehood
horror;
Waiting the revelation from above;
They who have faltered not when friend
grew foe-man;

But trod through martyr-flames their noble
way;
Those who have wavered not when rose-dip'd
Woman
Would lead them with her blandishments
astray;

They who have ministered at Truth's pure
altar,
And in the ways of perfect virtue trod,
They breathe, in tones that may not change
or falter,

To Man, the burning oracles of God!

God speaketh in their lives of truth and
beauty;
God speaketh in their growing words of
fire;

God speaketh in their acts of love and duty;
And no less, charities that never tire;
And hallowed round with everlasting lustre
They shine, transfigured in the night of
soul!

And thronging generations round them eluster
To hear the music from their spirits roll.
For them Earth smiles more joyfully and
fairer;

Each word of Truth and Love lives on for
aye;
Each heart-beat of their life to Man brings
near;

The glorious morning of the perfect Day!

To a Steppchild.

Thou art not mine—the golden locks that
cluster

Round thy broad brow—
Thy blue eyes with their soft and liquid lustre,
And cheek of snow,
E'en the strange sadness on thy infant
features;

Blending with love
Are here whose mournful eyes seem sadly
beaming
On her lost dove.

Thou art not mine—upon thy sweet lip
lingers
Thy mother's smile;
And while I press thy cold and baby fingers
In mine the while—
In the deep eyes so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine—
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.

They ask me, with their meek and soft be-
seaching,
A mother's care;
And ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,
A mother's prayer—
Not mine—yet dear to me, fair fragrant
blossom—
Of a fair tree—
Crushed to earth in life's most glorious
summer,
Thou'rt dear to me.

Child of the lost, the buried and the sainted,
I call thee mine,
Till fairer still with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine.

The Cottage Home.

A light is shining brightly,
Within a cottage home,
And hearers are beating lightly
As 'neath a princely dome.

A cheerful fire is glowing
And sparkling on the hearth,
Its warmth and brightness throwing
On innocence and mirth.

A little bird is singing
Sweet melody, and free;
Its joyous tones are ringing
Like silver through the air.

A laughing boy is sitting
Upon his mother's lap,
While she is neatly fitting
A feather in his cap.

A little girl is creeping
Upon the white oak floor,

Or at her brother peeping,
Behind the kitchen door.

Their shouts of laughter ringing
So merrily and clear,
From hearts of joy upspringing,
Fall pleasant on the ear.

"Dear papa," too, is smiling,
Upon the lovely scene;
His evening hours beguiling
With happiness, I ween.

And happy is that mother,
Though humble be her lot;
For love to one another,
Is cherished in the cot.

The love which dieth never,
Whom God hath bound together,
A bond which never parts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cincinnati Gentleman's Magazine.

Cincinnati in 1800.

BY JACOB BURNET.

This beautiful city, noted for the splendor of its buildings and the many societies of learning and religion which it contains—has arisen from the wilderness within a comparatively brief period of time—little over half a century. In the summer of 1788, Matthias Denman, who had purchased of John Cleves Symmes the fraction of land opposite the mouth of Licking river, visited his purchase for the purpose of examining its situation, and the advantages afforded by the surrounding country. Having satisfied himself that he possessed an eligible spot for the location of a city, he returned to Limestone, and entered into negotiations with Col. Patterson and a Mr. Filson. A co-partnership was at length entered into, (each agreeing to pay Denman a third of the purchase money,) by which Col. Patterson was bound to exert his influence in obtaining settlers, and Filson to survey the contemplated town in the ensuing spring, stake off the lots, and superintend the sale. A plan of the town was drafted, and the name Losantiville, from *le* ante *vill*, "the village opposite the mouth," adopted. A more correct translation would unquestionably be, the mouth before the village. Be this as it may, the settlement then formed, was immediately designated by the name of the projected town, although the town itself was never laid out. From these facts a somewhat general belief has prevailed that the original name of the city of Cincinnati was Losantiville, and that through the influence of Gov. St. Clair and others, the name was abandoned and the name of Cincinnati substituted. This impression, although a natural one, is nevertheless erroneous, as the reader will discover by the subsequent course of events.

Patterson and Filson, with a party of settlers, proceeded to the mouth of the Licking, where they arrived late in December. About this time, Mr. Filson accompanied Judge Symmes on an exploring expedition. The party had advanced but thirty or forty miles in the wilderness when Filson, without assigning any cause, determined to return, but was killed by the Indians before he reached the Ohio. No part of the consideration having been paid, his contract with Denman terminated at his death.

Mr. Denman, being yet at Limestone, immediately entered into another contract with Col. Patterson and Israel Ludlow, by which the latter was to perform the duties which had been required of the unfortunate Filson. A new plan of a town was formed, differing materially from the former, both in respect to the public square and the names of the streets. The name of Losantiville also was rejected, and that of Cincinnati substituted. Late in the succeeding autumn, Col. Ludlow commenced a survey of the town, which has since become the Queen City of the West.

Such is a brief outline of the projection of this great city. I will now pass over a period of some years, and direct the attention of the reader to its appearance upon my arrival, near the close of the eighteenth century. At that time Cincinnati was a small village of log cabins, with a few rough, unfinished frame houses, with their huge projecting stone chimneys, scattered here and there. Not a brick had then been made in the place where now can be seen so many splendid edifices, and where a population is found estimated at nearly one hundred thousand souls.

The city stands on a lower and upper plane. The lower plane extends back from the river about sixty-five or seventy rods, and is about sixty feet above low water mark. The upper plane is about forty feet higher than the lower, and extends north, an average distance of a mile and a half to the bottom of the hills. For several years subsequent to the laying out of the town, the surface of the ground at the base of the upper level was lower than on the margin of the river; in consequence of which a morass was formed which extended the entire length of the town, and subjected the inhabitants during the summer months toague and fever.

Fort Washington was the most conspicuous object in the city. This structure stood between Third and Fourth streets, East of Broadway, which was then under the name of Eastern Row, the Eastern boundary of the town. It consisted of several strongly built, hewed log cabins, one story and a half in height, designed for the soldiers' barracks. The better officers of these cabins were employed as snappers' quarters. They were so arrayed as to form a hollow square, embracing about an acre of ground with a strong block-house at each angle, which was composed of large logs, cut from the ground upon which it stood. The artificers' yard contained about two acres, upon which were small buildings used as workshops and laborers' quarters. Here also was situated the "yellow house," a building designed for the Quarter-Master General.

Immediately behind the fort was a frame house occupied by Col. Sargent, Secretary of the Territory. On the West side of the fort, Dr. Allison, the Surgeon-General of the army, had a frame dwelling, surrounded by a spacious garden, under high cultivation, which was called "Peach Grove."

The Presbyterian Church stood on Main street, in front of the large brick building now occupied by the First Presbyterian Congregation. It was a frame forty feet by thirty, enclosed with clap-boards, but otherwise rough and unfinished. The floor was hoist plank, laid loosely on the sleepers, and the

seats of the same material supported by blocks of wood. In this edifice the pioneers and their families assembled for the purpose of worship, and during the continuance of the war, they always attended with loaded rifles. This building was subsequently sold to Judge Burke, and till a very short time ago, stood in front of his dwelling on Vine street.

Opposite where now St. Paul's Church stands, was the school house, a rude frame building, enclosed, but not finished, yet the place, perhaps, where many of the talented men of Cincinnati received the rudiments of their education.

On the North side of the Public Square was the jail—a rough, though strong log building. At the tavern of George Avery, near the front-pond, a room had been procured for the Courts; while the Pillory, Stocks and Whipping-post, and occasionally a gallows ornamented the adjacent grounds.

These public buildings and a few frame houses and log cabins completed Cincinnati in the year 1800. Since that time they have all passed away, with the exception of two or three frame buildings which have been so completely altered as scarcely to leave a vestige of their first appearance. A pond which existed at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, was full of alder bushes, and furnished from the frogs which it contained, a nightly serenade to the neighborhood. To pass it, a cascade of logs was constructed, where now stately edifices are reared in the midst of the business part of the city. The Fort was commanded by William Henry Harrison, a hero in the army, but destined after to be President of the United States.

There was a printing press in the town, upon which was printed the *Maxwell code of laws*, being the first printing executed in the North-Western Territory.

There has been some dispute lately about the original price paid for the plot of land upon which the city stands. Mr. Denman purchased one section and a fraction, for which he paid a specie price of fifteen pence per acre. From this, a calculation can be easily made of the original cost of the plot of Cincinnati.

But half a century has passed over the little village at the mouth of the Licking river, and like the work of enchantment, this town is covered by a vast city, with its hundred thousand inhabitants. Its time is spread over Europe, and thousands are emigrating here to join their brethren, and to live where freedom of opinion is tolerated and respected, and where the necessities of life are brought in abundance to our very doors at a price merely nominal. Where log cabins were thinly scattered about, stately buildings are reared in solid blocks, containing the wealth and handicraft of Europe. All of these changes have occurred since, within the memory of man, the country was a howling wilderness.

The persons who flourished during the time of the infancy of this city, are nearly all passed away. But a very few of them are remaining, and they, in the ordinary course of circumstances, can last but a brief time.

The Indian Chief.

The following beautiful story is literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by William Tracy, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Oneida county, New York.

One of the first settlers of Western New York was Judge W., who established himself at Whitesboro, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him—among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child, a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect the country was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, as he was nearly alone, and completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure them of his good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in regard to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow. True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W. received him with marked respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, and to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

"The chief heard him out, and then said—'Brother, you ask much, and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian.'

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge, "is not that an evidence of good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence—if you will trust, he will trust you."

"Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking in his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she embraced him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said—"Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, and placing the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling

at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away—noon arrived—yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W. walked the floor to and fro, going to the door every few minutes and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute he seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered!" said the sachem, "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted in me—I will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W. lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

Christmas—1794.

On that day, the stores and works in New York were nearly all shut up, a few belonging to the Friends in Pearl street excepted. Then, men had time to worship God; now, they have only time to worship Mammon—the golden calf in Wall street. Then, we had only two Banks, and not one Broker; now, we have thirty Banks, and ten times ten score of Brokers. Then, the floors were scrubbed and sprinkled with white sand from the island; now, they are covered with cloth from Brussels and carpets from Turkey. Then, the people were happy; now, they live in splendid misery. Then, when the ladies had the headache, they dipped their heads in a pail of cold water and were cured; now, they pour out a bottle of Cologne water, to the cost of fifty cents, and yet the pain remains. Fifty years ago, I never heard of a bottle of Cologne being in the city; now, I am told that two hundred thousand dollars are spent annually on this useless drug. Fifty years ago, the daughters of able merchants and thriving mechanics would sing with the spinning wheel, and weave on the loom, like the daughters of men, when Rachel was a girl, and Jacob stood by his mother's knee; now, they sit humming a French air and jingling the piano, until they get the vapors in their brains. Then, the houses were woolen stockings and double-soled shoes, and lived to be eighty; now, they wear silk stockings and satin shoes, and before they have lived half their days the doctor and the grave-digger riot over their graves. Then, if we took a notion to get married, we finished our day's work at 7 P. M. as usual, got supper at 8, put on our Sunday coat, and the lassie on her summer hat, and at 9 we walked to Rev. Dr. John Rogers', in Pine street, or Rev. Bishop Provost's, in Vesey street; the Bishop or the Doctor's man-servant and maid-servant were always dressed by 8, and ready to officiate as bridesmaid and groomsmen; and from their long experience in such matters, they could set their part up to nature. A Spanish dollar for the regular fee. We then walked home alone. Having caught the bird, we took her to the nest we had prepared for her. Perhaps we began with three rush-bottomed chairs, at twenty cents each; it was one more than we wanted; and we had our room, though small, to ourselves; our hearts knew their happiness, and no stranger intermeddled with our joys. Now, the bachelor of thirty-five takes his bird of fifteen to the public table of Madame B.—his boarding house, or that promiscuous group in Howard's Hotel, where she suffers from the stare of some impudent, brainless, blockhead, or is put to the blush by the insolent litter of a set of black whiskered, most consummate fools; and this is the refinement of the nineteenth century.

Now, my young friends, don't you think our old, sober-sided mode of doing this business was more natural, more pleasant, and more economical than the present bombast and gingle fashion? Why, I have known a person to get a check of five hundred dollars for buckling a couple together. Fifty years ago, we got married, with all the sober realities of life on our backs, and at 8 o'clock found our breakfast ready, for the first time, by the hands of her we loved best. In this there was a pleasure unspeakable and sublime.

On Wednesday, we changed our nether frock, soiled with brick dust, coal smoke, or the labor of the plane, and perhaps a rent in the sleeve, or a button gone astray. On Saturday night we found the shirt clean and neatly folded, the rent mended and the stockings neatly darned, making them look as good as new. This was the labor of love. A bachelor has this done for money, but the washerwoman embzzles his stockings, tears his collar, throws his vest to the winds, because she is a biterling. The money spent by your young folks and mechanics, for town washing, mending, tear, wear, and cabbagging, political clubs and smoking Spanish cigars, is more than sufficient to support himself and an industrious wife. Fifty years ago, Mrs. Washington knit stockings for her General; now, there are not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part, and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the heart of the dumpling.

Young folks smile when their grandfathers tell of the happy days of Auld Lang Syne. But certain it is that fifty years ago, the people of New York lived much happier than they do now. They had no artificial wants; only two banks; rarely gave a note; but one small play-house; no operas; no cotillions; few sofas or side-boards; and perhaps not six pianos in the city. Now, more money is paid to servants, in some of these five story houses, for rubbing, scrubbing, and polishing of brasses and furniture—for wiping, dusting and breaking glasses and china—than it took to support a decent family fifty years ago.—*Laurie Todd.*

An Indian Fighter.

The following testimony of a dying soldier we copy from the diary of Margaret Smith, of the colony of Massachusetts, some interesting extracts from which we find in the National Era.

June 9th, 1678.—I went this morning with Rebecca to visit Elnathan Stone, a young neighbor who had been lying sorely ill for a long time. He was a playmate of my cousin when a boy, and was thought to be of great promise as he grew up to manhood; but, engaging in the War with the Heathen, he was wounded and taken captive by them, and after much suffering was brought back to his home a few months ago. On entering the house where he lay, we found his mother, a care-worn and old woman, spinning in the room by his bedside. A very great and bitter sorrow was depicted on her features; it was the anxious, unrelieved, and restless look of one who did feel herself tried beyond her patience, and might not be comforted. For, as I learned, she had seen her young daughter tomahawked by the Indians; and now her only son, the hope of her old age, was on his deathbed. She received us with small civility, telling Rebecca that it was all along of the neglect of the men in authority that her son had got his death in the warren, inasmuch as it was the want of suitable diet and clothing, rather than his wounds, which had brought him into his present condition. Now, as Uncle Rawson is one of the principal magistrates, my sweet cousin knew that the poor afflicted creature meant to reproach him; but her good heart did excuse and forgive the rudeness and distemper of one whom the Lord had surely chastened. So she spoke kindly and lovingly, and gave her sundry nice dainties and comforting cordials which she had procured from Boston for the sick man. Then, as she came to the bedside, the poor young soldier pressed her hand with a very fervent grasp, thanking her for her many kindnesses, and praying God to bless her. He must have been a handsome lad in health, for he had a fair, smooth forehead, shaded with brown curling hair, and large blue eyes, very sweet and gentle in their look. He told us that he felt himself growing weaker, and that at times his bodily suffering was great. But through the mercy of his Saviour he had much peace of mind. He was content to leave all things in His hand. For his poor mother's sake, he said, more than for his own, he would like to get about once more; there were many things he would like to do for her, and for all who had befriended him; but he knew his Heavenly Father could do more and better for them, and he felt resigned to His will. He had, he said, forgiven all who ever wronged him, and he had now no feeling of anger or unkindness left towards any one, for all seemed kind to him beyond his deserts, and like brothers and sisters. He had much pity for the poor savages even, although he had suffered sorely at their hands, for he did believe that they had been often ill used, and cheated, and otherwise provoked to take up arms against us. Hereupon, goodwife Stone writhed her spindle very spitefully, and said she would as soon ply the Devil as his children. The thought of her mangled little girl and of her dying son did seem to overcome her, and she dropped her thread, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry: "Oh, the bloody heathen! Oh, my poor murdered Molly! Oh, my son, my son!" "Nay, mother," said the sick man, reaching out his hand and taking hold of his mother's with a sweet smile on his pale face—"what does Christ tell us about loving our enemies, and doing good to them that injure us? Let us forgive our fellow-creature, for we have all need of God's forgiveness. I used to feel as mother does," he said, turning to us; "for I went into the war with a design to spare neither young nor old of the enemy. But I thank God that even in that dark season my heart relented at the sight of the poor starving women and children, chased from place to place like partridges. Even the Indian fighters, I found, had sorrows of their own and grievous wrongs to avenge; and I do believe, if we had from the first treated them as poor blinded brethren, and striven as hard to give them light and knowledge, as we have to cheat them in trade, and to get away their lands, we should have escaped many bloody wars, and won many precious souls to Christ."

TOUCHING ANECDOTE.—At a Teacher's Convention in Springfield, Mr. Sweetzer, in an eloquent speech, illustrated the force of example by the following striking anecdote: A painter, while journeying, accidentally fell in with a most beautiful child and was so enraptured with its countenance that he resolved to paint it, and carried his determination into execution. Hanging the painting in his studio, he made it his guardian, and when he was desponding, or angry, sought encouragement and calmness in gazing into its beautiful face. He thought if ever he could meet with its counterpart, he would paint that also. Years passed away, and the painter succeeded in finding no one so infernally ugly-looking as to satisfy his idea of an opposite to his darling picture, but by chance while visiting a prison, after having almost given up in despair, he saw a young man stretched upon the floor of his cell in a perfect paroxysm of rage. This struck him as his desideratum, and he lost no time in transferring the face to canvas, and placing it side by side with his ideal of purity, innocence, and beauty. And who, think you, was the original of his last painting? The same that when a child, had furnished him with his long cherished and beautiful picture, the innocent, happy and darling babe. The change had been wrought by the teachings he had been subjected to, and the examples set before him. Let us, said Mr. Sweetzer, take warning from this lesson, and do what we all can to rescue angels from becoming demons!

CRAUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Cruelty to animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and goodness of God, who, having made the instinct of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion towards them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.

ENGLISH SCENERY.—The last number of the Christian Inquirer contains an interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Bellows, from which we call a brief extract:

"There is but one word descriptive of English scenery—England is one great garden. Every body says so, because nobody can say anything more or less. It looks much like the immediate neighborhood of Boston. Many slopes of gentle hillsides, or stretches of meadow, reminded us vividly of the undulations of Roxbury and Brookline, and the banks of the Charles, which is a very good sample of an English river of the largest size. To an American eye, accustomed only to the beginnings or progress of things, it is very delightful to come upon a country that is finished. The order, plan, and cultivation of English ground, seems perfect. You may ride fifty miles, and not see one neglected plot of land, one broken-down fence, one new building, one makeshift device. But amid all this perfection of agriculture, all this order and solidity, and finish of structure, it is painful to see how little room the people take up; how inferior their accommodations are; how small a feature the homes of the million form in the landscape. The dwellings of those who cultivate this soil are hardly higher than the hedges, and have the look of stone-sheds or places for farming tools. We could not help continually asking where are the people, and where do they live, who do all this work?"

BE FIRM.—The wind and the waves may beat against a rock, planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like the rock, young man. Vice may enice, and the song and the cup may induce, Beware. Stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world, what the light-house is to the mariner upon a sea shore. It will guide hundreds to the point of virtue and safety.

A Scotch paper tells a good story of a little urubin, who having just recovered from a severe illness, was sitting on a door step weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" asked the passer.

"My legs winna gang," was the pathetic reply.

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